

That locke vp your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,  
So soone as I can win th'offended King,  
I will be knowne your Advocate: marry yet  
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good  
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience  
Your wisdom may informe you.  
*Post.* Please your Highnesse,  
I will from hence to day.

*Qu.* You know the perill:  
He fetch a turne about the Garden, pitting  
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King  
Hath charg'd you should not speake together. *Exit*

*Imo.* O dissembling Curtisie! How fine this Tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds? My deereft Husband,  
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing  
(Alwayes refer'd my holy duty) what  
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,  
And I shall heere abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,  
But that there is this Iwell in the world,  
That I may see againe.

*Post.* My Queene, my Mistris:  
O Lady, weepe no more, least I gine cause  
To be suspected of more tendernesse  
Then doth become a man. I will remaine  
The loyallft husband, that did ere plight troth.  
My residence in Rome, at one *Fulvio's*,  
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me  
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)  
And with mine eyes, He drinke the words you send,  
Though Inke be made of Gall.

*Enter Queene.*  
*Qu.* Be briefe, I pray you:  
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not  
How much of his displeasure: yet He moue him  
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,  
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends:  
Payes deere for my offences.

*Post.* Should we be taking leaue  
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,  
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:  
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,  
Such parting were too petty. - Looke heere (*Loue*)  
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (*Heart*)  
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,  
When *Imogen* is dead.

*Post.* How, how? Another?  
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,  
And scare vp my embracements from a next,  
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,  
While sence can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,  
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you  
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles  
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,  
It is a Manacle of Loue, He place it  
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner.

*Imo.* O the Gods!  
When shall we see againe?

*Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.*  
*Post.* Alacke, the King.

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:  
If after this command thou fraught the Court  
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,  
Thou'rt poyson to my blood.

*Post.* The Gods protect you,

And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:  
I am gone.

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharpe then this is.

*Cym.* O disloyall thing,  
That should'st repaire my youth, thou heap'st  
A yeares age on mee.

*Imo.* I beseech you Sir,  
Harme not your selfe with your vexation,  
I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

*Cym.* Past Grace? Obedience?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.

*Cym.* That might'st haue had  
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

*Imo.* O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,  
And did auoyd a Putrocke.

*Cym.* Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my  
Throne, a Seate for basenesse.

*Imo.* No, I rather added a lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vilde one!

*Imo.* Sir,

It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Posthumus*:  
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is  
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buys mee  
Almost the summe he payes.

*Cym.* What? art thou mad?

*Imo.* Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were  
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*  
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

*Enter Queene.*

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing;  
They were againe together: you haue done  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her vp.

*Qu.* Beseech your patience: Peace  
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,  
Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort  
Out of your best aduice.

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day, and being aged  
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

*Enter Pisanio.*

*Qu.* Fye, you must giue way:

Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?

*Pisa.* My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

*Qu.* Hah?

No harme I trust is done?

*Pisa.* There might haue beene,  
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,  
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted  
By Gentlemen, at hand.

*Qu.* I am very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part  
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,

I would they were in Affricke both together,  
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke  
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

*Pisa.* On his command: he would not suffer mee  
To bring him to the Hauens: left these Notes  
Of what commands I should be subiect too,  
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

*Qu.* This hath beene  
Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour  
He will remaine so.

*Pisa.* I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

*Qu.*

*Qu.* Pray walke a-while.

*Imo.* About some halfe houre hence,  
Pray you speake with me;  
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.  
For this time leaue me. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Cloten, and two Lords.*

1. Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt; the Vio-  
lence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where  
ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so  
wholesome as that you vent.

*Clot.* If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.  
Haue I hurt him?

2. No faith: not so much as his patience.

1. Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee  
not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2. His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the  
Towne.

*Clot.* The Villaine would not stand me.

2. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1. Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:  
But he added to your hauing, gaue you some ground.

2. As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

*Clot.* I would they had not come betwene vs.

2. So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole  
you were vpon the ground.

*Clot.* And that thee should loue this Fellow, and re-  
fuse mee.

2. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1. Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine  
go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue scene  
small reflection of her wit.

2. She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection  
should hurt her.

*Clot.* Come, He to my Chamber: would there had  
been some hurt done.

2. I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the, fall of an Asse,  
which is no great hurt.

*Clot.* You'l go with vs?

1. He attend your Lordship.

*Clot.* Nay come, let's go together.

2. Well my Lord. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.*

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th'Hauen,  
And question'd'st euery Saile: if he should write,  
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost  
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pisa.* It was his Queene, his Queene.

*Imo.* Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

*Pisa.* And kist it, Madam.

*Imo.* Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:  
And that was all?

*Pisa.* No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or eare,  
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe  
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchiefe,  
Still wauiing, as the fits and stirres of's mind  
Could best expresse how slow his Soule say'd on:  
How swift his Ship.

*Imo.* Thou should'st haue made him,  
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pisa.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would haue broke mine eye-strings;  
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution  
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:  
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from  
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then  
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisanio*,  
When shall we heare from him.

*Pisa.* Be assur'd Madam,

With his next vantage,

*Imo.* I did not take my leaue of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him  
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,  
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,  
The Shees of Italy should not betray  
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him  
At the first houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,  
T'encounter me with Orisons, for then  
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,  
Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set  
Berwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,  
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,  
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*La.* The Queene (Madam)  
Desires your Highnesse Company.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,  
I will attend the Queene.

*Pisa.* Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutch-  
man, and a Spaniard.*

*Iach.* Beleue it Sir, I haue scene him in Britaine; hee  
was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woor-  
thy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I  
could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Ad-  
miracion, though the Catalogue of his endowments had  
bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

*Phil.* You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,  
then now hee is, with that which makes him both with-  
out, and within.

*French.* I haue scene him in France: wee had very ma-  
ny there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as  
hee.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,  
wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then  
his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the  
matter.

*French.* And then his banishment.

*Iach.* I, and the approbation of those that weepe this  
lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully  
to